The Rockwood Review.

Oh thesun that shines in the heavens Is praising God with its light, And the moon, too, offers dumb homageAnd run by their pasture grounds.Is praising God with its light, And the moon, too, offers dumb homageAnd run by their pasture grounds.With her beams so silvery bright.The trees in the deep green forest, Like harps which the wild wind plays, They rustle and murmur and whisper, And the stars that glitter and twinkle, Give praise with their silent eyes, And the earth gives praise to Him dailyThe trees in the deep green forest, Like harps which the wild wind plays, They rustle and murmur and whisper, And the earth gives praise to Him dailyBy the mists and clouds that rise.And the flowers that bloom by the wayside, That cluster around our feet, They praise Him with dainty colors, They praise Him in silence, And the storms cry out "He is mighty,"The mountains praise him in silence, And sometimes the light on their snows, As they lift their pinnacle fingers, Gives colours, gold, violet and rose.The wild sea praises Him always, With its chaunt and its mournful moan, Lik	NATURE'S WORSHIP.	As they lave their shores and their islands,
homageWith her beams so silvery bright.With her beams so silvery bright.With her beams so silvery bright.And the stars that glitter and twinkle,Give praise with their silent eyes, And the earth gives praise to Him dailyBy the mists and clouds that rise.The showers give proof of His care, And the storms cry out "He is mighty,"And the breeze breathes low as in prayer.The mountains praise him in silence, And sometimes the light on their snows, As they lift their pinnacle fingers, Gives colours, gold, violet and rose.The wild sea praises Him always, With its chaunt and its mournful moan, Like a chorus of solemn voices,Homage With its chaunt and its mournful moan,Like a chorus of solemn voices,Homage With its chaunt and its mournful moan,Like a chorus of solemn voices,Him, And not with the weakest voice, Him,Him, And not with the weakest voice,	Is praising God with its light,	•
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With its chaunt and its mournful moan,Let the children of men too, praise Him,Like a chorus of solemn voices,And not with the weakest voice,	Gives colours, gold, violet and rose.	
Him, Like a chorus of solemn voices, Him, And not with the weakest voice,		
		Him,
BULLIOF MERCIES 200 DIESSINGS 111-		
numbered	With a thundering undertone.	numbered
Let Nature and man rejoice. The lakes and the flowing rivers, D, W, K,	The later and the forming rivers	
The lakes and the flowing rivers,D. W. K.Sing praises in liquid sounds,		

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